



WALTER BLOOMFIELD

#### CHAPTER IV.

In this unprofitable occupation I wanted to know how long, until, doubting whether I should be awake in time to keep the promise I had made to conduct my aunt Gertrude over our old house—no brief task, for it contained thirty or more rooms and was a maze to the uninitiated—I hurried to bed, and was soon in the torments of the most chaotic dream which has ever disturbed my brain. I beheld gorgeous barbaric palaces set in delightful climes; processions of men magnificently apparelled, of which the principal figures displayed an amazing profusion of jewels; vast heaps of gold coins of strange mintage; quaint jars filled with precious stones which gleamed and sparkled; and dimly lighted vaults in which fierce men, bearded and turbaned, were inflicting horrible indignities on defenceless women, strangling some with bows and beheading others with scimitars. These scenes were presented to my mind as in a phantasmagoria, the last appearing so intensely real in its horror that I shrieked at beholding it, and rushing at a hideous old Turk, who was firmly grasping the hair of a kneeling girl while he swung his scimitar around the better to strike her neck, I awoke, bathed in perspiration, and was spared the sciomachic encounter.

The church clock struck four, and the glow in the Eastern sky was as yet but feeble. I was intensely relieved to find myself once more in my usual frame of mind, amid my usual surroundings. My terror vanished on opening my eyes and discovering my situation; but the dream had made an impression on my mind so deep that I could not disengage my thoughts from it; neither could I in any way account for it. I had never been subject to onerodrynia, nor had I recently read or talked of oriental magnificence and barbarity. I was powerless either to account for the dream or to dismiss it from my mind.

After pondering the matter for three hours or more I arose, and dressing myself with the same fastidious care as on the previous day—a habit which I had resolved to henceforth cultivate—I descended into the breakfast-room. My father and uncle were standing by the window engaged in earnest conversation, and old John was busy at his sideboard. My uncle at once stepped towards me and seized my hand, which he squeezed rather harder than I considered necessary or comfortable, and having wished me a good morning, informed me that I had been the subject of his conversation with my father.

"I am afraid you find Holdenhurst a very dull place when you can find nothing more interesting to talk of," I remarked.

"Not at all, not at all," said uncle Sam. "I will tell you all about it before I leave."

"Breakfast is quite ready," said my father, "and we may as well have it at once, although it wants some minutes to eight. Mrs. Truman will take her breakfast in her room."

At this we all three took our seats at the table.

"Why, Ernest, my boy, what has become of your color?" asked uncle Sam. "Yesterday you were a typical little Englishman, but this morning you appear as bloodless as a New York dupe."

I related my dream. Uncle Sam laughed immoderately at the recital, and pushing his chair somewhat further from the table, swayed himself to and fro and roared. My father's face, too, wore a broad smile which merged into a laugh as I proceeded.

"Did you read the 'Arabian Nights' just before you went to bed?" my father inquired.

"Arabian Nights!" echoed uncle Sam, interrupting me as I was about to reply; "why, if he were in London, I should have said that he had been to the Alhambra, witnessed the ballet, got drunk, and been locked up for the night. Ha, ha! I'd give a thousand dollars, and sup on pork and cucumbers for a month, if only I might dream that dream."

"It seems to please you, Sam," said my father.

"It does. If I had not become an American, I would have exchanged my nationality for that of Turkey or Persia, my Christianity for Mohammedanism. Boundless liberty and absolute despotism both appeal to my taste. Besides, they are not so different as some people suppose; extremes meet, you know. The quasi-liberty enjoyed, or the quasi-despotism suffered—express it which way you will—by Englishmen in England, would be intolerable to me. By-the-by, I'm not the first Truman who has renounced his native nationality, am I, Bob? Didn't that old ass of an alchemist, who spent twenty years of his life in trying to extract gold from everything that did not contain it, become a Turk?"

"You mean old Roger," said my father, thoughtfully. "Yes, I believe he did; but he must have reverted to the nationality of his fathers, if not to their faith, for he lived many years in this house after his return from the East, and died here near the close of the seventeenth century."

"Who was Roger Truman?" I asked, looking up.

"An ancestor of ours, who died about two centuries ago. He was a younger brother, who left home when he was about your age. After traveling for some time in the East, he entered the service of the Sultan of Turkey, who made him governor of a province. He returned to England, after an absence of many years, and took up his residence here, in his brother's house. Very little is known

about him. He survived his brother, but continued to live here with his nephew. He lived the life of a recluse, spending all his days and some of his nights in the crypt underneath the house, where he had established a laboratory. He used to amuse himself with researches in chemistry. I believe some of his old bottles and things are there now."

It cost me some pains to conceal the great interest which this information had for me, and I am not quite sure that the earnestness of my attention was unobserved by my uncle. Indeed, I always felt as if that astute individual had power to read my thoughts, and was never quite at my ease in his presence. However, I adroitly changed the subject of conversation; but my thoughts were still of Roger Truman and of what my father had said of him, and I resolved to open the copper box which bore his name immediately after breakfast.

Uncle Sam was a restless man, and would not sit at table for more than half an hour if he could decently avoid doing so. He was, of course, quite unrestrained by the presence of my father and me, and had therefore no sooner swallowed his breakfast than he rose and asked his brother if he were ready to accompany him on a walk around the estate; which, he observed, would afford a good opportunity for discussing certain proposals he had to make. My father agreed, and I retired to my room to open the copper box.

I had no key to the box; nor would probably a key have been of any use, for the lock was much corroded. By the aid of a strong hunting-knife and the exertion of as much force as I could command, I pried open the lid, and the whole of the contents fell out on the floor. To my great disappointment, an examination proved these to consist of several neatly tied bundles of manuscript and a manuscript book, discolored by age and of mouldy odor. While I was engaged in examining these papers with closer attention than they appeared to be worth, old John entered my room to inform me that my aunt was waiting in the drawing-room for me to show her over the house. Carelessly throwing the box and its contents into a drawer, I followed the servant downstairs.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### HOLDENHURST HALL.

As soon as I reached the corridor which led from my room to the staircase I perceived my aunt waiting for me on one of the spacious landings which mark each flight—really a room and partly furnished as such, being set out with settees and the walls adorned with paintings, armor and ancient weapons.

She was dressed for walking and wore a tightly fitting dress, which did not reach the ground by two or three inches, and a large Gainsborough hat.

"I stood looking out of the open window, her small gloved hand grasping her umbrella while she thoughtfully tapped her boot with the ferrule, I noted her well. Undoubtedly my aunt Gertrude was very beautiful. If features and figure of classical proportions, height somewhat exceeding the average, delicate complexion and large eyes, capable of tender and varied expression, entitled a woman to be so considered, then my opinion might not be dissented from.

She was regarding the green meadows which lay at the back of our house—typical Suffolk meadows, intersected by a shallow stream fringed with willows, and dotted here and there with red cattle—and was quite unconscious of being observed. In one particular only was my first impression of her changed. I had thought she was about thirty, but it now seemed impossible that she could be so old.

My aunt was too observant of the peaceful English scene before her to notice my approach, and I had to call her attention to my presence by whispering a good morning.

"I am quite impatient to explore your wonderful old house," she said, after we had exchanged the usual formal greetings, "but pray don't allow me to interfere with your ordinary daily engagements. Your uncle and I don't return to London till Monday, so there remain two more days for me at Holdenhurst. Another time will suit me nearly as well, if you are busy now."

"I am never busy," I replied, "and I rarely make engagements. I have very few friends, and no enemies—so far as I know. Nearly all my time since I left school has been passed at Holdenhurst—walking and riding about the place and reading and playing to father."

"What is it that you play?"

"The pianoforte. I am very fond of music, and so is my father."

"You must play for me this evening. I am a poor pianist, but some people think I can sing," said aunt Gertrude. I replied that I should be delighted to do so.

While this conversation was in progress we had walked as far as the entrance hall, which I thought was the best place wherein to essay my skill as showman. This hall was a large square apartment with floor, walls and ceiling of dark oak. Opposite the great door, and distant from it about twenty feet, was an enormous fireplace with a chimney piece of white marble fantastically carved, surmounted by a portrait in oils of a red-faced middle-aged man clad in a leather jerkin, with collar of preposterous proportions, and a floppy hat of such liberal proportions that an Italian peasant might have envied it, supposed to represent the founder of my family. He looked little enough

like a man who would ingratiate himself with his king or anybody else, but as I subsequently heard my uncle remark, it is probable that Henry VIII. was a better judge of women than men. On the right and left of the fireplace were wide staircases which led up to corridors. The walls were nearly covered with pictures, chiefly family portraits, relieved here and there by weapons and deer's antlers hung in various devices. Doors led out of the hall into the dining room, library and two parlors or reception rooms, and from these doors to the great entrance door were laid narrow strips of carpet—a highly necessary precaution, for, as some people have painfully learned, a frozen lake is not more slippery than a polished oak floor. Indeed, I well remember when I was a young boy the amusement I derived from peeping over the banisters of the staircase to see my father receive his guest, the newly appointed Bishop of Norwich. The Bishop was a fat man, intolerably ceremonious, and with an ever-present consciousness of his newly acquired dignity, but he was unacquainted with the qualities of polished oak floors. Scarcely had this divine crossed our threshold ere he lay on his back, brandishing his legs rhythmically in the air, until restored to perpendicularity by the united efforts of my father and old John.

My aunt was greatly interested in the pictures, and asked more questions about them than I was able to answer. Nearly half an hour was spent examining the entrance hall, and I had to state plainly that at this rate of progression a day would be inadequate for the accomplishment of our task, and to suggest that we paid less attention to each object of interest. We then wandered into the library, carelessly turned over the old parchments which still lay on the table, and looked at the calligraphy and seals; examined the covers of many books and the title pages of a few—treasures, all of them, such as would excite the admiration of the most phlegmatic of bibliographers and move not a few of the tribe to larceny, including a perfect first copy of Grafton's Chronicle, copies of Shakespeare's plays printed when their author was yet writing and acting in London, early copies of Spenser and of most of the Elizabethan dramatists, as well as many old Bibles, products of the early printing presses of continental Europe.

These books, worth, as I afterward learned, nearly as much money as the entire Holdenhurst estate, did not interest my aunt as much as I had expected, and we quitted the library and went into the drawing room.

"What a beautiful face and how cleverly painted!" exclaimed my aunt, pausing in front of a portrait by Watts which had the place of honor in our drawing room. "I was studying it just before you came down stairs. Of course it is your mother. You are very like her, Ernest."

The obvious inference from my aunt's sentence, and her use of my baptismal name for the first time disconcerted me greatly.

On many occasions had I suffered from a natural proneness to blushing, but surely my self-consciousness had never been so acute as at this moment. The blood mounted quickly to my face. I could feel its warmth and realize the absurdity of my aspect, but was unable to think clearly, and not knowing what to say, remained silent. My aunt noticed my confusion and further remarked—

"Why, I declare, you resemble her more than ever!"

I think my aunt must have repented having caused me so much confusion, for she suddenly turned the conversation, and inquired if any of my mother's relations were living.

I confessed my inability to answer this question positively. "My grandfather was a very unfortunate man," I said. "He had a large family, but lost his wife and all his children except one before he was fifty. Disliking the home where he had suffered so much about five years ago he determined to settle in New Zealand, and we have had the farm he used to occupy still waiting for a tenant. He wrote to my father to inform us of his safe arrival there, but he has never written since, and my father's letters to him have been returned by the post-office as undeliverable."

"And what about his remaining child?"

To be continued.

Printing Done Here For England. According to a correspondent, a representative of a provincial printing firm called on a London firm which distributed circulars by the million. He was asked to quote for a circular from which the printer's name had been removed. An estimate was prepared on the basis of a small turnover profit, which, considering that the works were situated in a rural district forty miles from London, on a rental which, in the city, would not pay the ground rent, was much below what would be possible for a London house. Indeed, the representative was confident of obtaining an order, but was thoroughly nonplussed when told the price quoted was considerably above that now paid. The firm's printing was done in the United States, the orders being given in such quantities as to insure the lowest freight charges, and after adding the latter, including delivery to the door, the cost turned out to be considerably below that of the lowest estimate yet received from any British firm.—London News.

Experimenting on Animal Minds. One of the easiest "obstacle" problems is that of drawing some object which the animal wishes for through a set of bars or wires. This is a common difficulty in the daily life of captive animals, and one in which it would be quite easy to note their respective shifts and devices. The cleverest mode of coping with a difficulty somewhat of this nature now exhibited by any animal in London is the way in which the large African elephant at the Zoo restores to his would-be entertainers all the biscuits, whole or broken, which strike the bars and fall alike out of his reach and theirs in the space between the barrier and his cage. He points his trunk straight at the biscuits and blows them hard along the floor to the feet of the persons who have thrown them. He clearly knows what he is doing, because if the biscuit does not travel well he gives it a harder blow.—The Spectator.

## BRINGING HOME OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

The Growsome Work of the Burial Corps in the Philippine Islands.



The work of the Burial Corps of the American Army in the Philippines is among the most uninviting tasks ever assumed to human beings. Coffins inclosed in massive deal cases are shipped from San Francisco to Manila, and the Burial Corps proceeds from station to station throughout the islands, disintering the remains and preparing them for transportation back to the United States. The actual work of exhuming is done by natives. The coffins are placed in rows, one opposite each grave, and the work of disintering begins all along the line. The top of the buried coffin is torn off with iron tools, and a bottle containing an identification slip is removed and broken open. The slip is compared with the death record. The bones are placed in a sheet along with the identification slip, and every precaution is taken to prevent any mistakes in identity.—Collier's Weekly.

## MORO CHARACTER AND CUSTOMS

The Sultan is the Sovereign, But the Datus Are the Real Rulers.

There is not much known of the Moros on the Island of Mindanao, in the Philippines, with whom the United States authorities have had some trouble. The island of Mindanao, next to Luzon, the largest of the archipelago. According to the data of the Institute of Geography and Statistics, its area, including the small adjacent islands, is 96,450 square kilometers, which is a little less than that given by Father Buena and Bravo in the dictionaries of the Philippines. The population, according to the census of 1887, was 200,087, but this figure did not include the natives of the interior. The Moros form the larger portion of the inhabitants of the island of Mindanao.



MOROS OF THE JOLO (OR SULU) ISLANDS

Even if they did not demand attention on account of their turbulent character and the influence which they have exercised over the population of these islands, they would still be interesting on account of the tenacity with which they hold to their beliefs and their adventurous life, as well as because of the place which their conquest occupied in the history of the Philippines.

Referring to the Moros of the Sulu Islands the Jesuit Father Murgadas says: To begin with their government.



A MORO OF JOLO WITH BOLO AND CRESCENT

The Sultan is their sovereign, and is the absolute arbiter of persons and events in the whole region subject to his mandates. As a matter of fact he does not enjoy so absolute a power, except in those districts which form his private domain, and in the districts of those datus (chiefs) who are his relatives or allies. The datus, or feudal lords, are the actual sovereigns in their citadels, and they have subject to their orders chiefs of lower rank, from among whom they select the "tuo marabau" (good and brave men) or free men. All the others are "sacopes" (vassals) or slaves.

As for their warlike and hostile spirit each Moro is a soldier, and is always armed with a kris, campanion or lance, and sometimes with two of these arms. He never leaves them, not even when at rest, but each sleeps with them, and this Moro soldier is astute and fanatical for his beliefs, obstinate, cowardly in the open field, or when he sees calm and decision on the part of his enemy and can readily escape, but brave,

dashing and audacious to the point of ferocity when he sees himself surrounded and unable to escape. Conspicuous for his sobriety, he nourishes himself with a handful of rice, with the herbs of the plain and the fish of the streams.

Owing in part at least to the warlike spirit which animates them, the Moros have always been turbulent and refractory toward outside domination. They have displayed a tendency toward robbery and piracy. Their settlements, which are always small, are situated in low plains near the fields, or in the vicinity of rivers, creeks and swamps. They ravage the fields, burn houses and take captives in order to increase the number of their slaves.

Their ignorance is as great as their cruelty. Apart from their datus, and those who constitute among them a sort of ecclesiastical hierarchy, few of them know how to read and almost none can write. They have no books except an occasional copy of the Koran, and the Manlut, which are always in

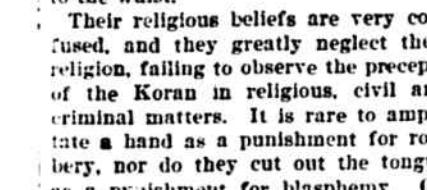


MOROS OF THE JOLO (OR SULU) ISLANDS

manuscript, with vignettes and ornaments not lacking in elegance. Those who are condemned to death have their heads cut off, or serve the datus as targets for their revolvers, or as objects for trying the edges of their kris or tombs. Sometimes they are given over to the populace, who cut them to bits with kris blows struck in tune to a certain dance, during which each individual strikes the victim.

Their costume is similar to that of the Malays. It consists of pantaloons, which are loose, except in the part below the knee, which fits the legs closely and a small jacket almost invariably of black color. It is closely fitting and has tight sleeves. Both articles of dress are so fashioned as not to interfere with the movements of the wearer. On the head they wear a kerchief rolled into a turban, and some individuals wear shoes on solemn occasions. The chiefs and important officials dress in silk, embroidered with gold or silver, and often add a sort of mantle, with broad sleeves slit open at the end. The distinguishing features of the costume of the women are the pat-tadon, a simple red skirt fastened at the waist and reaching to the feet, and a mantle in which they can envelop the whole body. Frequently they wear only the former or the latter in addition to the short camisa, which reaches to the waist.

Their religious beliefs are very confused, and they greatly neglect their religion, failing to observe the precepts of the Koran in religious, civil and criminal matters. It is rare to amputate a hand as a punishment for robbery, nor do they cut out the tongue as a punishment for blasphemy. On the other hand, they inflict the death penalty for all sorts of faults, except



MOROS OF THE JOLO (OR SULU) ISLANDS

for gross immorality, which, nevertheless, is absolutely prohibited. For the rest their superstitions are ridiculous. A cloud which crowns some hill, for example, is the sign of the

deity of a dato. He who can seize a snake changing its skin can make himself invisible as well, and they have many other similar ideas. They abstain, or rather pretend to abstain, from eating pork on account of peculiar scruples. It is customary among them to take oaths to kill Christians, and they hold firmly to the belief that the reward for this is a prompt trip to Paradise on the back of a white horse.

Their defensive arms are a circular or elliptical shield for the body, or big enough to cover the whole person. The shield is either made of wood alone or is covered on the outside with buffalo hide. From this same hide which, when well cured is extremely hard, they make breast plates and helmets. They have also some coats of mail, although not many. Their arms of offense are either arms or steel weapons. Among the former are cannons, of which they possess a great variety. They neglect them greatly, as they do their rifles and shot guns, except for one cannon, which in each fort occupies a chosen position and which they regard as the principal one, trusting in it superstitiously for defense and victory. Culverins of great length have been taken from them occasionally.

Some people have wondered that they have had and still have artillery in abundance, but in addition to the fact that it is obtained easily in Borneo when they need it and at other points, and that they took possession of all they used to find in the numerous vessels which they captured, when, strong-



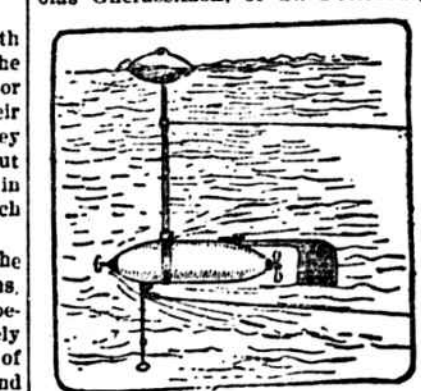
MOROS OF THE INTERIOR

er than to-day they practiced piracy, it is certain that upon the arrival of the Spaniards the Indians cast cannon in Manila and Tondo, and also in Mindanao. Their steel weapons are the kris, the lance, the campanion, a three-pointed harpoon, and knives. They do not poison the points of their lances and javalins, as do the savages of the north and some of the pagans who dwell in the mountains; nor do they at the present time use arrows, which, however, they formerly employed.

The Moro who is disposed to fight, covered by his shield, and keeping the campanion, kris or knife extended in his right hand, crouches, leaps up suddenly, turns, leaps from side to side, with the quickness of thought, laughing at the strokes of his opponent. It seems that he sees when he suddenly rushes furiously at his opponent and hardly has he delivered his blow when he is seen ten paces away, leaping and whirling again, all of this accompanied by sharp cries and horrible grimaces, which serve, according to them, to confuse and alarm the adversary.

#### Collisions at Sea Prevented.

To venture a guess as to the nature of the odd-looking machine shown in the picture one might say it was a torpedo or a submarine boat. Neither of these guesses is right, however, as the apparatus is the invention of Nicholas Gherassimoff, of St. Petersburg.



ADVANCE FEELER FOR THE SHIP.

Russia, for preventing collisions at sea. As the majority of such disasters result from striking an obstruction either on the surface or at a depth less than the draft of the ship, and which has not been perceived in time or is due to an error in calculating the position of the ship, this invention is intended to serve as a never-sleeping advance watchman, to apprise the commanding officer of the ship of danger ahead. The apparatus consists of a double-pointed tubular shell, containing an electric motor, supported by a surface float and having a vertical arm descending underneath to the depth corresponding to the vessel's draft. Two cables leading from the ship to the "feeler" supply the medium through which the current reaches the motor and returns. When the device comes in contact with any solid substance the current is interrupted and a signal given on board the ship. The inventor intends that three of these feelers shall be used by a ship, and provides for use in connection with them a system of projecting arms for sending different signals back to the ship to indicate whether the obstruction is stationary or in motion, and if the latter, in what direction it is traveling.—Philadelphia Record.

#### Railway Employees of the World.

In the Railway Magazine some remarkable figures are given showing the immense number of people employed on railways throughout the world. There are over 4,000,000 of them—one man out of every 400 of the world's entire population works on a railroad—and these figures do not include street or electric railways. For the world's 450,000 miles of railway the average number of men per mile is nine. In the United States 1,350,000 of the 4,000,000 are employed.

#### State Controls the Telephones.

Guernsey has one telephone to every forty-six inhabitants of the island. The system is State controlled.

## HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Nutmeg and Lemon Rind.

In using nutmeg or lemon rind as a flavoring much better results are obtained by cooking a piece of either in the dish being prepared than to grate it in afterward.

#### Asparagus Soup.

One pound knuckle of veal, small piece of salted pork, one bunch of asparagus; chop fine and season; add three quarts of water and boil gently three hours; meanwhile cook a little spinach tender and add. Stir in two teaspoons of butter, and this delicious soup is ready for serving.

#### Bread Instead of Pastry.

To use a round or crown loaf of bread instead of pastry for a chicken pie is more wholesome, besides unusual. Cut off the top about one-third of the way down. Dig out the entire soft inside, to be dried and rolled into bread crumbs; fill with the chicken and dressing and put on the top.

#### Tomato Fritters.

To one pint of stewed tomatoes add half a teaspoon of sugar, and salt and pepper to season; bring to boil; melt one tablespoon of butter; add one tablespoon of flour; stir until thickened and add this to the tomato mixture; cook for five minutes and pour over five slices of stale bread; beat one egg, dip the slices in it, then lay in bread crumbs; cook in very hot fat and drain.

#### Banana Fritters.

Mix one cupful of sifted flour, two level teaspoons of baking powder, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a pinch of salt; beat one egg until light; add one-quarter cup of milk; add this to the flour mixture; then add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and three bananas peeled and scraped and rubbed through a sieve; drop by spoonfuls into hot fat; drain on paper and serve with lemon sauce.

#### Spanish Puffs.

Put two-thirds of a cup of cold milk and three scant tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan over the fire. As soon as the milk comes to a boil add quickly a cup and a third of thoroughly sifted flour and stir the mixture (having removed it from the stove), until it cleaves from the pan. As soon as the paste is cold add five eggs, one after the other; it will take some time and patience to beat the eggs into the batter, but they must be added singly; add one-eighth teaspoonful salt; shape into little balls about the diameter of silver dollars and drop them into boiling hot fat, frying only a few at a time, as they swell to more than double their original size.

#### Chocolate Souffle.

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; add to it four level tablespoonfuls of flour; do not brown, but stir constantly until smooth; add gradually half a cupful of milk and stir until thickened; pour this over the yolks of three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar which have been beaten together; put two ounces (two squares) of chocolate over hot water and when melted add it to the mixture; put aside until cold; shortly before the souffle is to be served beat the whites of the eggs till stiff; mix them carefully into the cold mixture, turn into a buttered mould; the mixture should come to two-thirds from the top; cover the mould; stand in a pan of boiling water and boil half an hour; serve with sugar and cream.

#### Cream Cake.

Half a cupful of butter, one and a half cups of powdered sugar, half a cup of milk, six tablespoonfuls of water, whites of three eggs beaten light; about two cups of prepared flour; add more if necessary. Rub butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk and butter, the whites and sifted flour. Bake at once. Make a cream of a cupful of hot milk thickened with two teaspoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk. Upon the beaten yolks of three eggs mixed with half a cup of sugar pour the hot milk, return to the fire, stir until thick and smooth, remove from the range and flavor with vanilla. Set away to cool, and when the layers of cake are cold fill with this mixture and sprinkle powdered sugar over the topmost layer.

#### Hints For the Housewife.

Remember that a few growing plants adorn any room.

Tissue or printing paper is the best thing for polishing glass or tinware.

Yellow-eyed beans are very good to bake, as well as the common white variety.

In making any sauce put the flour and butter in together and your sauce will not be lumpy.

Egg shells crushed and shaken in glass bottles half filled with water will clean them quickly.

If powdered clovers are scattered where red ants are, it will be found effective in driving them away.

Although freezes to match burlap wall covering may now be had, a stencilled border, where ornamentation is desired, is usually preferred.

Oiling pine floors (instead of painting them), and then allowing them to darken with time, is a new idea much favored by exclusive decorators.

Hair brushes need a weekly cleansing, for which purpose use a quart of tepid water containing a tablespoonful of cloudy ammonia. Dip the brushes—not the back—several times, rinse and stand on edge to dry.

Walls paneled in the old rose damask or satin-finished paper set upon a paper shade, almost pink, and outlined by a narrow gilt moulding, is a favorite and fashionable wall treatment for a handsome parlor with white enameled woodwork.

To make a portiere, get the required length of velvet or taffeta in the desired shade and have stamped on it a dragon or the royal arms of Turkey or Persia. Then outline this in narrow gold braid, and you will have duplicated an exceedingly expensive curtain at about one-third the price. It will have to be lined afterward.